

THE
NIGHTINGALE
WARBLING

forth her owne disaster;

OR

The rape of Philomela.

Newly written in English verse,

By MARTIN PARKER,

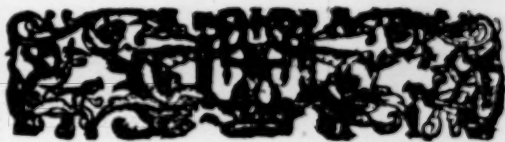


LONDON,

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1633

Clark



TO
THE RIGHT
HONORABLE

*Henry Parker, Lord Mor-
ley and Mount Eagle, Baron
of Ric, &c.*

My Lord:



Ou may (I confesse)accuse
me of petulancy and ex-
ceeding presumption, in
that I farre unworthy and
altogether unknowne to your ho-

A 3

nour

The Epistle

nour, should thus dare to attempte the Dedication of this my unpolisht piece to one so eminent in judgment as your excellent Selfe, yet when I contemplate your vertues (whereof humility is chiefe) I am imboldned (in hope of your Honorable pardon) to present this Embrion of my weake braine to your iudicious view: desiring your Lordship to shew your selfe (as you hitherto have bin) the Patterne and Patron of curtesie in accepting and remitting my booke and my boldnes: the antient Philosophers did decipher a true Noble man by foure excellent qualities which are these: First, A hauty courage in time of Martiall exercise. Secondly, A heart

Dedictory.

heart to iudge. Thirdly, A hand to
eward : and Fourthly, Clemency to
ardon. I knowing your noble mind
to be amply replete with all these
virtuous indowments, what wonder
is it that I have thus adventured the
Poem, for the excellency of the hi-
story (I confesse) did deserve a more
skillfull penman, being a Tragedy so
unparaleld, that I wonder why none
of our temporary Laureats have un-
dertaken it before : but as I doe re-
ioyce, to be advanced to the first place
in this worke, so doe I more abun-
dantly exult in that it finds so hono-
rable a Patron My Nightingale fea-
ring the hissing Serpents of this envi-
ous age desires your powerfull wings

Dedicatory.

to shelter her. And in lieu of your
nerous approbation of her song,
Muse (by you her noble *Mecenas* ad-
mated) shall endeavour heereafter
with a Posie of a sweeter odour
kisse the hand of your Honour. In the
interim I remaine both in heart
tongue and pen,

*The devout adorer of
your Lordships verses.*

MARTIN PARKE



To the Iudicious Reader,
health,

I Am not ignorant (*courteous Reader*) of
the old adage; He that seeks to please
all men, shall never finish his task;
for there is no piec so accurately done, but
some (either through ignorance or envie)
will espie conceited faults in it; let
pelles draw his picture with never so
much art and iudgement the Cobler will
find a hole in his coate; let an Author
write as learnedly as Homer, were it pos-
sible, he shall be subiect to the cavilling
censure of Zoilus; no marvell
ibeu

To the Reader.

Then if I be most unperfect vassall of the
Muses be so soft for my endeouour, when the
best deseruing Artist is not free: but my
hope is that though I be condemned by the
ignorant Momus, or envious Critick, I
shall be bayld by the learned and iudicious,
to whom I only send my Booke: for the
rest, as they cannot be bar'd from reading,
so I will not hinder them from their owne
opinions: which when they haue, their
gaine is little, and my losse is lesse. If my
Nightingales song please the honest
and intellectuall man, she hath her wish,
for she sings not to please knaues and
fooles: nor can they hurt her much: un-
lesse they shoote her dead with the arrowes
of aspersi^on; but I thinke none is so inhu-
mane to hurt (much lesse to kill) a Nigh-
tingale,

To the Reader:

tingale, therefore she is confident of her safety, and dares ad-venture into the world to warble forth her owne disaster. In her story you shall finde such woefull, wonderfull and tragicall discourse, that a heart of Adamant may find its invaliditie, like unto Goates blood which hath the vertue to dissolve it, when to all other meanes it is impenetrable. I have endeavored (as her Secretary) to pen her song, with as much skill as my little learning can produce, wherein if I have pleased the fancy of the understanding Reader, I have hit the white, and gained the fruition of my hopes; if not, all my Poetry is quite kild in the egge. Therefore, good Reader, for the love thou bearest to the Muses, iudge charitably now that I may be animated to proceede to thy
future

to the Reader.

*future profit and pleasure. Which hoping
thou wilt, doe I commit thee to the tuition
of thy Maker, and rest,*

Thine, if now, ever hereafter,

MARTIN PARKER.

The



The Author to his Booke, and it
to him in manner of a
Dialogue.

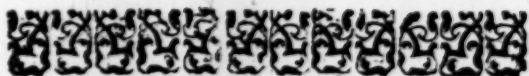
P Oore harmelesse bird, how darst thou undertake
To leave the desert woods and flye abroad,
Mongst those that of thy song a scoffe will make,
And poyson execrate like to a toade
What ever paines thy Penman hath bestowed?

One he mislikes the phrase, another will
Say this word fits not well, that verse runs ill.

What though one overweening foole may finde
Some faults produced from his fond conceits?
For him I shall a thousand sweete more kind
That will commend my song and give compleat
Encomiours to thee for thy travell great,

For thou (though no great Clerke, yet) hast so pen'd
That twenty may find faults ere one can mend it.

To



To my friend Martin Parker on
his mournfull ditty, The rape
of Philomel.

ITs now in fashion, he who hath brought forth
With's pen an issue of his braines best worth,
Before toth' larger stage he venture it,
Will cloth't with begg'd or borrow'd rags of wit:
Thy Nightingale needs none; yet she shall have
These fragrant branches, which the Muses gave
Her from their bower, to shrowd her self among,
From hissing Serpents that would spoyle her song.
These will to her be a delight of choyce,
But give no diapazon to her voyce,
To please the moderne fry of wit and fame;
That bribe their Iudgments with the Authors name,
And in the title-page conclude it ill,
Because it sprung from thy obscurer quill.
On these set easie thoughts, her voyce shee'l raise
To sing this unjust rape; and thy just prayse.

William Reeve.

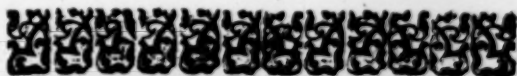


An Encomium on the Author
and his worke.

IS there lesse paines or merit in translation,
Then of a Poem in his new creation?
Or doth he lesse the Laurell branch deserve,
That will the subiect of another serve?
No sure: the weapon by this Author us'd
May by another easily be abus'd.
He knew his owne invention, matter, end,
His proper scope, whether his Muse to tend
His liberty was choise to runne, his field
Was large, that he each way himselfe might weild,
But thou in narrow bounds art now included,
Thy Muse being from her liberty seclused;
Captive to thy Authors humour and thy quill
Subiect to his subiect, method, and his Will.
Carpe not then Mornus at anothers paines,
On Naso's Poem; since he sufficient gaines
Hath got already, eternizing his name,
And memorie still ecchoing forth his fame,
For his invention of this mournesfull song,
Sadly tun'd forth by Philomela's tongue.
This was the plaine song of this direfull disty.

The descant thine, moving each heart to pittie
Sweet Philomela's rape, henceforth so long
As incest, murders, cruelty and wrong,
Revenge, and sad Eryinnys here shall dwell,
So long this story forth thy praise shall tell.
I.S.

To



*To his ingenious friend M. P. Author,
of this Poem.*

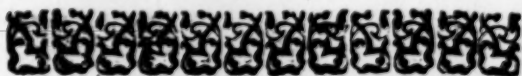
I Often have admir'd thy fluent veine,
Composing things of an inferiour straine;
But neither I nor any man could looke,
For such a piece from thee, as this thy booke.
Wert thou a scholler then 'twere no rare newes,
But being none can any Reader chuse
But wonder at thy smooth and haughty stile?
Were I not sure thou didst this worke compile,
I'd not beleeve't; tush, common sense doth show it,
Tis wit not learning, that can make a Poet.
Proceed with boldnesse then, and let men see,
The Aganippean well doth spring in thee.

Da. Priest.

To

B

The



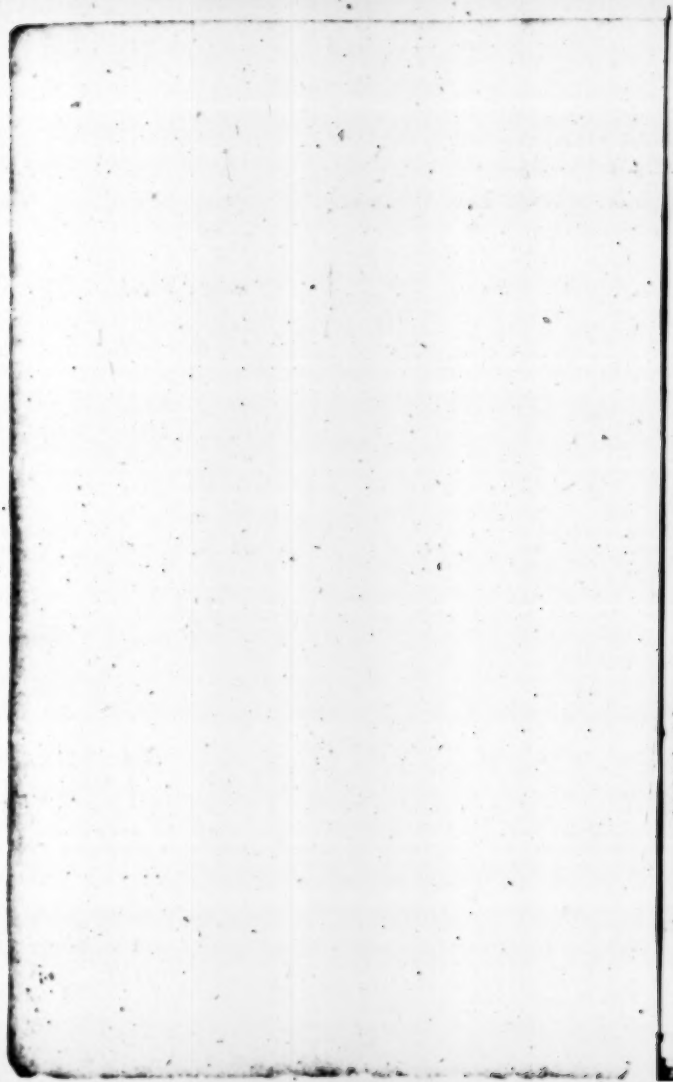
The Argument of this Poem or History.

Pandion Prince of Athens (as the Roman Poet Ovid writes) had two daughters, the eldest call'd Progne, and the youngest Philomela; which Progne, being espoused to Tereus, the young King of Thrace, lived in great tranquillity and happinesse for the space of five yeeres; in which time Progne (more fond than wife) desired to see her sister Philomela, and with hourly importunity filled the eares of her husband Tereus, so that he gave his consent to fetch Philomela, and having gotten the forced consent of her father (partly by her owne desire to see her sister) he carried her away, and in the ship began to attempt the conquest of her virginity; whom she resists, and strives to reclaim with forcible arguments: but landing, he tooke her to a Graunge house that stood in his owne Country, and there perforce both ravisht and cut out her tongue lest she should bewray his impiety; so goes home, and tells his Queene, that her sister Philomela was dead: she grieves; but he with dissimulation pacifies her, little mistrusting any such inhumane action as hee had done. But Philomela by her selfe (inclosed) wrought her

The Argument.

her mind in an handkerchiefe, which by a Gentleman that came that way by chance, she sent to the Queen her sister, who concealed her spleene, till she found fit time of vindication: Which occasion soon offered in this manner: It was an annuall custome in Thrace for women to goe strangely disguis'd about the country, to celebrate the feasts of Bacchus; in this manner went Progne to the Grange, and fetcht out her sister Philomela, whom having brought to the Court privately, she afterwards invited her husband to a banquet, killd her young sonne Itis, who was about three yeeres of age, and dressing him for meat set it before her husband Tereus; who having eaten it, and the impious deed detected, the Poet will have them (as unworthy of humane shape) to be metamorphos'd into birds. Philomel into a Nightingale, Progne to a Swallow, and Tereus to a Lapwing.

Note the morall and let the fiction passe as it is.





THE RAPE OF PHILOMELA.

VVhen *Tellus* old by *Hyems* late opprest,
Was pittied and rescued by *Ver*,
And in her gorgeous mantle was new drest
Which *Flora* kindly had bestow'd on her;
I that did heale before all wealch prefer
Walkt forth to take the benefit of th'ayre,
Wherewith *Ambrosia* might not then compare.

2

And chancing to passe by a curious grove,
Which Nature artificially had made,
Excelling that wherein the *Queene of love*
Her wanton toyes with her coy lover playd,
Therein I stept my selfe a while to shade
From *Titans* force, which then full South was got,
Reflecting rayes that were exceeding hot.

B 3

There

The rape of Philomel.

3

There as I lay reposed on the ground,
Delighted with its odoriferous smell,
The heavenly Quiristers about me round,
Made musicke which did please my senses well:
Especially the lovely *Philomel*.

Vpon a hawthorne bough did warbling sit,
You that will heare her long attend to it.

4

For by the figure cal'd *Prosopopeie*,
Ile tell her tale as though her selfe did speake,
You'l pardon give, if not so well as shee
I paint her story, for my braine's too weak,
For such a taske, yet I the ice will breake
That others of more learning may indeavour
Further to wade in this deepe spacious river.

5

Then let your mindes suppose that you doe heare
A virgin ravish't and depriv'd of tongue,
For so the Nightingale that sings so cleare,
Was once, as *Ovid* long agoe hath sung;
You maydens, wives, and men that heare her song
Regard it well for it concerns you all,
Tis wefull, wonderfull and tragicall.

The rape of Philomel.

6

I was, saith she, the daughter of a Prince
Who rul'd the flourishing Athenian state,
I had a sister that before nor since
For shape and beauty hardly had a mate:
Our father had no sonne, so't pleased fate,
Wee his two daughters did support his age,
Whom he maintain'd in princely equipage.

7

But see the mutability o'th world
And worldly things; how apt wee are to fall
From bisse to bale; we to and fro are hurl'd
From joy to woe, from liberty to thrall;
Most know their birth, but none know how they shall
Depart from hence: or where, or when, or how,
No time is ours but that which we have now.

8

My sisters beauty was by blab-tongued fame
Divulged and dispersed farre and neere,
The youthfull King of Thrace, *Tereus* by name,
Though farre remote did of this *Phenix* heare,
And quickly left his realme and subjects deare,
To come and see whether fame ly'd, or no,
But seeing her, he said, 'twas certaine so.

B 4

H4

The rape of Philomel.

9

He wooed hard to have her for his mate,
And got at last her (and our fathers) love ;
The nuptiall rites in princely pomp and state
Were solemniz'd, and like it was to prove
A happie match : for either party strove,
Each other in affection to excell ;
Terens lov'd *Progne*, she lov'd him as well.

10

In a short time after the wedding day
The Thracian King (having a care on's land)
With his faire Bride from Athens sayld away,
And soone arrived where he did command :
His dutious subject: on the shore did stand
To welcome home their King, and far fetcht Queen
With all magnificence that ere was scene,

11

Five yeeres these Princes (as they ought to doe)
Did live and love with mindees reciprocall,
And then faire *Progne* (O why did she so!)
Desir'd a thing which caused my downfall ;
Yet 'twas her love then blame not her at all,
She did intreat her husband to fetch mee,
Whom shee desired ardently to see.

Ho

The rape of Philomel.

12

He willing to fulfill her fond desire
Hoyft sayles for Athens to fetch *Philomel*,
Whom for my beauty all men did admire,
Coequall with my sisters truth to tell ;
But young when *Terens* first in liking fell
With her: when he came on faire Athens shore
And told his tale, my Father mourned sore.

13

Alas, alas, deare Sonne in law, quoth hee,
What you propound will surely be my death,
For if you take my *Philomel* from mee,
I will not be long ere I resigns my breath,
For there is nothing that is underneath
The heavens, that I doe valew worth my Childe;
O let mee not be of her sight beguild !

14

The pearled drops fell from his aged eyes
Like rivolets, that his pale cheekes bedewd ;
O *Terens*, marke how old *Pandion* cries,
This sorrow did presage what woe insewd ;
Yet *Terens* his petition still renewd ;
Quoth he; I will as carefull of her be,
As heaven I wish should have respect to me.

Her

The rape of Philomel.

15

Her will I cherish like my owne deare Child.
And I was overwilling to goe see
My sister *Progne*, then the old man sinild,
Sweet *Girl*, if thou desires to goe (quoth he)
It something mitigates my griefe for thee;
Farewell my joy, but till thy safe returne
My houely exercise shall be to mourne.

16

Here take her *Terens*, and my blessing with her,
Be carefull of her if thou wish mee life.
Thus went the Wolfe and filly Lambe together:
I towards my sister, he towards his wife.
O now alas, my senses are at strife,
Whether I should relate his monstrous blame,
Or hold my peace; and so save manhoods shame.

17

But sith I thus have undertooke the taske,
I must proceed and tell the story right,
Wherein such horrid deedes I will unmaske
As may the Auditors with woe affright:
O monstrous caitiffe, arm'd with hellish spight!
No time before nor after ere could tell
Of any deed that thine may paralell.

Lycistia

The rape of Philomel.

18

Lucretia that Roman Lady had
Great cause of woe ; yet not so great as I,
For *Tamquin* though his fact was worse than bad
In ravishing the flower of chastity ;
He was no kin to her : but *Terens*, thy
Vn naturall deed, can no way be excus'd
For thou thy wives owne sister hast abus'd,

19

When in his ship the Fox had got the Kid,
Poore innocent, I dreading no such ill,
Against the lawes of gods and men he did
Begin to tempt me to his lawlesse will ;
But I, by vertue alwaies tutor'd, still
Defi'd him and his impious desire,
And us'd these words to quench his lust-bred fire.

20

Ah brother *Terens*, spring these words from jest
To try my constitution ? if they doe,
I pardon them : but if your foole request
Be fram'd in earnest ; then I let you know,
You are not as you seeme i'th outward show ;
A man I thought you were by forme and stature,
But your interior parts shame humane nature.

Hast

The rape of Philomel.

21

Hast thou me ravish'd from my fathers sight,
Pretending that my sister for me sent?
And seek'st thou thus to rob her of her right,
Whom once thou thoughtest Natures chiefe ornament?
Dost thinke the gods would not thy will prevent?
To wrong thy wife if thou in lust dost burne,
Can none but her owne sister serve thy turne?

22

For shame leave off thy brutish enterprize,
And let not future times speake such a thing,
Even for thine honours sake I thee advise,
Stayne not the sacred title of a King:
Thinke what a scandall it to thee would bring!
Kings like the gods should practise actions just
Methinks this thought should quench thy bestial lust

23

These arguments (and many more as good)
To him (past sense) I did in vaine produce,
My tongue more than my face inflam'd his lust,
All pious thoughts with him were out of use:
No teares, no prayers, no reason, no excuse
Could pierce his bosome (made obdure with sin;)
Hes now more fierce than when he did begin.

Yet

The rape of Philomel.

24

Yet in the ship his will he could not have
Because of those which were within the same,
Whereby (poore wretch) I had good hope to save
That Jewell which he did unjustly claime;
But more and more this hellish fire did flame
Therefore another course he tooke in hand;
Being deny'd at Sea, he try'd on land.

25

Charging his men upon his native soyle
To land both him and mee: O, is't not strange,
That men should worke so many waies to spoyle
Theit soules, when thus from vertues path they range?
Now to be brieft, he brought me to a Graunge
That stood remote from any towne or place,
And there (perforce) he did my corps imbrace.

26

Which having done, I tore my amber tresses,
Laying against the Panther truculent,
And by my furious spleene the Tyrant ghesles,
His foule fact what would be the event;
Therefore he thought his mischiefe to prevent.
And cause to none I should bewray my wrong,
He drew his knife and quite cut out my tongue.
Thus

The rape of Philomel.

27

Thus rape was seconded by cruelty,
One vice another alwaies doth succcede
When Satan hath mans heart in custodie;
By heavens ordinance it is decreed
The reprobate cannot from bonds be freed,
Till the full measure of his sinne runnes o'r;
Vice unrepented still increaseth more.

28

So this fell miscreant, shame of his kind,
Having by force stolne my virginity,
Was loth to leave that instrument behind
Which to the world might blaze his villanie:
O monstrous rape, perfidious treachery!
What words shall I or any use r'expresse
This mans (nay rather monsters) wickednesse?

29

Or unto whom may I him well compare?
To th'Emperour Nero surely and no other,
Who in this sacrilegious kind did dare
Incestuously to ravish his owne mother,
And after kild her: thou mayst be his brother,
For he that his wives sister will deflower
Would use his mother so were she in's power.

Not

The rape of Philomel.

30

Now what becomes of me poore *Philomel*,
Being left spoyld and mangled in this manner,
I by my selfe (alone) am left to dwell,
Where none mee knowes or heares of my dishonour.
Terens goes to his Queene, and fawnes upon her,
Patiently praying her his newes to brooke,
For death her sister *Philomel* had tooke.

31

She shriekes and cries with *lachrimable* meane,
And by no meanes can pacified bee,
Sister, saith shee, alas, and art thou gone?
I'll not be long before I follow thee.
Decree love, set boundes unto thy griefe, quoth he,
Thou shalt in me finde husband, father, sister:
With that, as *Judas* did his Lord, he kist her.

32

With these his subtile words of adulation,
And many fained teares to force beliefe,
The Queene at last left off her lamentation,
Or at the least gave limits to her griefe;
Little mistrusting him her bosome thiefe:
O how hypoerisie can for a while
Cover mens finnes, and Iudgments wit beguile!

But

The rape of Philomel.

33

But such foule crimes though in darke corners done
When heaven doth see fit time, shall be reveal'd
And open laid in the sight of the Sun,
Even when the Author thinks it's most conceal'd;
So I having to the just gods appeal'd
For justice and revenge at last did finde
A meanes to fit the monster in his kinde.

34

I with my needle shew'd my curious skill,
A handkerchiefe with letters plaine I wrought,
Which being finisht (by *Leues* sacred will)
Did publish what I in my bosome thought;
A Gentleman by chance that way was brought,
He having lost his way i'th dead of night
Found out this lodge, a farre off seeing light.

35

Thither he rode, and at the window cal'd
I prisoner like look't out, but could not tell
With words my mind, yet how I came in thrall.
And how abus'd, with signes I shew'd him well;
He pitying me (wretched *Philomel*)
The handkerchiefe wherein my mind was scene
I threw to him to carry to the Queene.

The rape of Philomel.

36

He faithfully delivered his charge
As did besit one whom he seem'd to bee ;
The Queene by this did understaud (at large)
My woe wrought by her husbands villanie ;
Yet what she knew she covered secretly,
Vntill she found a time revenge to worke ;
O marke what plots in womens minds do lurke

37

For such revenge (at length) she wrought indeed ;
As staynes her sex (as foule as he did his.)
O that I might now from my taske be freed ;
I mourne for all the story ; chiefly this ;
I coadjutor was in her amisse :
Ah now, methinkes, I heare some bashfull damo
Say, *Philomel*, sye, hold thy peace for shame.

38

To this I answerd Twere a deed unjust,
Seeing I haue so lavish bin to tell
Each circumstance of *Tereus* lawlesse lust,
And barbarous cruelty, both sprung from hell ;
To hide my sisters fault no *Philomel*,
Proceed aright the second part to sing
Of thy sad song without dissembling.

C

And

The rape of Philomel.

39

And tell thine owne blame too; as well as hers
So shalt thou not of falshood be accus'd;
Be bold for he or she that truth prefers,
(And loth to be by flattery abus'd
If thou tell true) will hold thee more excus'd:
Come briefly to't, or else thy long digression
Will lengthen out the list of thy transgression.

40

Then this it is; when *Progne* (as I sayd)
Well understood where I her sister was;
She studying how to have me thence convey'd;
Marke what the *Destinies* faine brought to passe;
It was a custome through the realme of *Thrace*
For women (like mad *Bedlams* fere) to range
About the country clad in garments strange,

41

In celebration of mad *Bacchus* feasts
(A gesture proper to his Deity,
Whose power doth metamorphose men to beasts,
When wine of them hath got the masterie) and but
Among these *Bacchanalian* rites went she,
I meane, my sister; through which protest
She came to visit me with woe perplexed.

She

The rape of Philomela

41

She tooke me from that place (disconsolate)
And brought me with her privately to th' Courts
Terens (mistrusting no such diuinish hate,
Nor that he was detected in such sort)
Did entertaine his Queene with Princely sport,
And the for him a sumptuous feast did make:
To tell what Cates she got, my heart doth ake

43

Her owne deare Sonne) by *Terens* on her got
Vnaturally she kill'd: Oh bloody beast,
Nay, worse than any beast! for they will not
Suffer their yong of harne to taste the least.
This Banquet did excell *Lycouns* feast;
For here a Mother of her Sonne made meat,
Which his owne Father greedily did eat.

44

Oirflimy-hearted *Progne*! what although
Terens offended thee beyond compare,
Could nothing serue but to requite him so?
Hadst thou not in thy child the greatest share,
Which in thy body about nine moneths didst beare?
Yet blaming thee, I must my selfe condemne,
For I consented to the death of him.

C a

The

The rape of Philomel.

45

The pretty Infant seeing her to sit
So pensively (as one depriv'd of joy)
He runs to her (according to his wit)
And asks the cause of her so sad annoy :
Mother (saith he) am I not your best boy ?
Come kisse me then ; and Ile goe call my Dad,
To come and play with you, and make you glad.

46

But she (not like a Woman, but a Tyger)
Did cast him from her in disdainfull wise,
Then did she take him (Oh unheard-of rigour!)
And cut his head off: this could not suffice,
But of his litle limbs she made minc'd pies,
Which at the banquet was the chiefeſt diſh :
Thus curſed *Tereus* fed on his owne fleſh.

47

This barbarous action gives the world good cauſe
To enter into conſultation juſt,
For ſurely none can tell, without great pauſe,
Which fact was worſt : or *Tereus* beaſtly luſt,
Or *Progneſ* monſtrous murder. Sure I muſt
Centure her deed oth' two to be the worſt,
To kill her infant whom ſhe bare and nurſt.

The rape of Philomel

48

He that upon his foe would vengeance take
And in most wrathfull manner wreak his spleene)
Let him a woman of his counsell make,
Their hearts most cruell are, as may be some
By the relation of this furious Queene.
Pye, [*Philomel*, thou wilt thy selfe abuse,
If for her sake thou all her sex accuse,

49

Tush, why should I be partiall in this case,
I'll tell the truth; and yet I doe not say,
Though this one woman did her sex disgrace,
That others imitate her wicked way;
And yet, alas, too many goe astray
In these last times; for Infants every yeere,
Are by their mothers murthered (as I heare.)

50

Which makes me to take up a just complaint
Against the female sex for cruelty,
And as my owne disaster I doe paine,
Procured by my brothers luxurie
Even so I have, (and tis but equitie)
Demonstrated, or will ere I have done,
Progne's foule crime in killing her owne sonne.

C 3

Terens

The rape of Philomel

51

Terens having well fed, calls for young *7tis*,
Deere *Queene*, where is my little boy, quoth he,
In whom next thee my temporall delight is?
I thinke he's neere enough to you, quoth shee,
Neerer than he is now he cannot be:
Much good may't doe you Sir, for you have eate,
I tell you true, no ordinary meate.

52

With that I *Philomel* that stood unscene,
Behind a cloath of arras, with the head
O'th infant, given me by my sister *Queene*,
Step'd forth, and hearing what before she said,
Of the event I nought at all did dread,
That *Terens* more might see his wretched case
I threw the head of *7tis* in his face.

53

Looke how a Lion, roused from his sleepe,
Runnes furiously 'gainst those did him wake?
So *Terens* to the heart was struck so deepe,
That more than terror made his joynts to quake?
O wife, quoth he, what vengeance didst thou take?
'Twas I offended, why didst not kill mee?
As for young *7tis* what offence did hee?

The rape of Philomel

54

Was he not thine owne flesh as well as mine?
How hadst thou then the heart to see him bleed?
My fault (I doe confesse) was great, but thine
As far and more from nature doth exceed,
No woman ever did so vile a deed:
Oh how am I accurst of all that be,
I have devour'd what was begot by me;

55

But I his guiltlesse death will vindicate,
On both your bodies, (monsters that you are.)
This said, he did no time procrastinate,
But drew his sword, and both our deaths did sweare,
Because in the child's death we both had share.
Mine was the wrong at first, yet I confesse,
I must plead guilty, though my fault was lesse.

56

We fled his fury, he with sword in hand,
Pursu'd us, armed with revenge and Steele;
But heavenly powers, that had my wrongs well scan'd
(Though we were worthy) would not let us feele
The stroke of death: all three from head to heele
Transformed were (if you'll trust *Ovid's* words)
From humane Creatures unto senselesse Birds.

C 4

1

The rape of Philomel.

57

I *Philomel* (turn'd to a Nightingale)
Fled to the woods, and 'gainst a bryer or thorne,
I sit and warble out my mournfull tale :
To sleepe I alwaies have with heed forborne,
But sweetly sing at evening, noone, and morne.
No time yeelds rest unto my dulcide throat,
But still I ply my lachrimable note.

58

My sister *Progne* metamorphos'd was
Into a Swallow (as the Poet sayes :)
Both of us all the Winter time doe passe
Vnscene of any, till *Hyperions* rayes
Increase in hot influence, and the dayes
Are drawne in length by Natures annuall course,
The Swallow is a signe of Summers force.

59

Vpon her breast her marke of guilt she beares,
Her back, head, wings and traine doe mourne in fable,
No pleasant note she sings, as any beares,
But sounds forth accents sad and untunable,
Her flesh unfit to sur nishany table,
And if in any's hand she chance to dye,
'Tis counted ominous I know not why.

The rape of Philomel.

60

In signe of her unnaturall cookery,
Within a smokie Chimney still she builds,
While I (with other Birds) abroad doe flye,
In pleasant woods, Forrests, and fragrant fields:
My tune a comfort unto mankind yeelds.
When April comes, then Country milkmaids long
And strive to heare the Nightingales sweet song.

61

Yet still alone I love to sit and sing,
Delighted best in melancholy shade :
My Harmony doth make the woods to ring :
And by some learned Clerkes it hath been said,
That if a snake (whereof I am afraid)
Should me devoure, a Scorpions forme shee'l take,
Which to prevent, I keepe my selfe awake.

62

Tertius was made a Lapwing, he doth cry
For his sonne *Tis*, as aloft he flies,
Which words being reverst, doe signifie
'Tis I; who by one horrid enterprife,
Did cause such floods of mischief to arise :
My wife, her sister, and my owne deare child,
I have quite overthrowne, oh monster vild!

Vpon

The rape of Philomel.

63

Vpon his head a tuft of feathers grow,
A signe of Regall state, which he did wrong;
And if you marke his nature, it doth shew
His sordid deeds, for he delights in dung:
He hath a bill exceeding sharp and long,
A figure of that knife (it seemes to be)
Wherewith he did cut out the tongue of me.

64

Thus all of us were reft of humane shape,
A iust reward for our inhumane deeds:
All this was first occasion'd by the rape
Of *Philomel*: Rape further mischief breeds;
The nature of these birds who-euer reads,
Shall finde so correspondent to my words,
That no vaine syllable my song affords.

65

When old *Pandion* heard this tragicke newes,
You will not marvell if I say he wept,
All transitory joyes he did refuse,
And spent those houres wherein he should haue slept,
In sobs and grones, which him awake still kept;
Ah miserable man, methinks I see
The character of *Prison* now in thee.

Alas

The rape of Philomel.

66

Alas, saith he, you gods why are you so
Vnkind, to let me live against my will?
Why am I kept more misery to know?
More, said I: no, that cannot be; yes still,
To beare the burden of ones former ill
Addes every houre more horror to the heart,
Nothing but death can ease my carefull smart.

67

I that within few yeeres was so enrich'd,
As no Prince could be more with daughters twaine,
Which at an instant both away are twitch'd
With Son in law, and grandchild, none remaine:
Why then doth time procrastinate my paine?
Ah *Philomel*, thou and the little boy;
Above the rest procure my sad annoy.

68

VVretch that I was, why did I suffer thee
To goe with that capritious ravisher?
Had I at home detain'd thee still with mee,
Thou mightst have bin now safe; could I perswade
The sly perswasions of a flatterer
Before my care pooremall over thee:
The world may say the greatest fault's in me.

No

The rape of Philomel.

69

No father, ile excuse thee : for no harme
Thou meant'st to mee, nor would'st have let me goe,
But I (as well as *Terens*) did thee charme,
VVith oyle words: lov'd my sister so,
And that fond love was cause of this my woe : (bin
VVho would have thoght her husband could have
So impious to attempt that horrid sinne.

70

The aged Prince having with languishment
A little while inforcedly drawne breath,
His gray haire were to th' earth with sorrowes sent,
Never went man more willing to his death;
His living vertues wonne a Cypresse wreath :
And his true loving subjects with salt teares
VVatred his Sepulcher for many yeares.

71

The reason why the Poet sayes wee three,
I, and my sister, with her husband were,
Transformed into birds, was cause that we
Were all unworthy humane shapes to beare,
As by our deedes prodigious doth appeare :
The morall of the story is the chiefe,
As for the changing formes 'tis past beliefe.

Yet

The rape of Philomel.

73

Yet there's no doubt but I poore *Philomel*,
Have nothing sung but what you may believe;
Birds seldome use any untruthes to tell,
If you'l not take my warrant I shall grieve;
Whether you doe or no let me perceive
That you all shun the vices mention'd in't,
Then ile rejoyce because my song's in print;

FINIS;
